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THE following exquisite lines are extracted from the Louisville Journal. The editor says: "We defy any tasteful lover of Poetry to read them, without exclaiming, 'how beautiful!" He is a better Judge of Poetry than of Politics:

My soul thy sacred image keeps, My midnight dreams are all of thee! For nature then in silence sleeps,

And silence broods o'er land and sea; Oh, in that still, mysterious hour, How oft from waking dreams I start,

To find thee but a fancy flower! Thou cherished idol of my heart, Thou hast each thought and dream of mis Have I in torn one thought of thine?

Forever thine my dreams shall be, Whate'er may be my fortune here; I ask not love-I claim from thee Only one boon -a gentle tear; May e'er blest visions from above Play gently round thy happy heart,

And the sweet beams of peace and love Ne'er from thy domicil depart. Farewell! my dreams are still of thee-Hast thou one tender thought of me? My joys, like summer birds may fly,

My hopes like summer blooms depart, But there's one flower that cannot die. Thy holy memory in my heart, No dews that one flower's cup may fill, No sunlight to its leaves be given, But it will live and flourish still, As deathless as a thing of Heaven; My soul greets thine, unasked, unsought, Hast thou for me one gentle thought?

Farewell! farewell! my far-off friend! Between us brond blue rivers flow, And forests wave and plains extend. And mountains in the smalight glow; The wind that breathes upon thy brow Is not the wind that breathes on mine; The star-beams shining on thee now Are not the beams that on me shine; But memory's spell is with me yet-

Canst thou the holy past forget? The bitter tears that they and I May shed whene'er by anguish bowed, Exalted in the noontide sky,

May meet and mingle in the cloud And thus, my much-loved friend, though we Far, far apart must live and move, Our souls, when God shall set them free Can mingle in the world of love. This were sweet eestacy to me-Say, would it be a joy to thee?

ANOTHER WARD,-J. W. Ward, "editor of the Copier News," spent seventy-five cents and the Fourth of July in Jackson. J. W., we think, is first consia to "Artemus," whose letters have caused so many hearty laughs, They called on J. W. to make a speech. He delivered an oration that establishes his genius beyond all reasonable doubt. Here's his peroration:

Ladies, ses I, a turnin to the butiful femails whose presents was performin the fare ground, chased a house in our village f I hope you're enjoyin voreselves on this okawhich you air drinkin feely may not turn agin air may produce upon my wife." you.-May you always be as fare as the son, as brite as the moon, and as butiful as an but I know men are as deceitful as Satan, and leign to our story. with the folloring sentiment:

WUMAN-She is a good egg.

TUNE.-At Liverpool two experienced London thieves picked the pocket of a broker of £ 11,000 (or \$55,000) in large notes, just as he was enter-

Tax gentlemen employed in taking the census a well bred man to neglect.

From the Home Journal. The Cream Cheese.

Two travellers occupied a first-class car on about thirty years old, and a lady who might have passed for ten years younger, though the baptismal register proved her to be twenty-five. It was a bright morning in June, not a cloud veiled the deep blue of the heavens; and the sun, shining obliquely through the window, inundated with its rays the side where the lady was seated.

'The sun incommodes you, madame,' said the gentleman; 'I should be happy to exchagne places, if it would be agreeable to

The lady showed by a smile and a bow that she was pleased with his courtesy.

'I am exceedingly obliged to you, sir; but cannot ride backward. It is not for myself, either, that I fear the sun, but for this basket." She pointed to a charming little piece of wicker-work on the sent beside her, from beneath the cover of which some vine leaves

'The sun does not injure fruit, madame; and this appears, besides, sufficiently pro-

'It is not fruit, sir: there is only a simple ream cheese in the basket; but I should be distressed if it did not arrive in Paris per-

Then, as if to be certain that she had not compromised herself in talking with a stranger, 'to whom have I the honor to speak?' she added; taking care, however, to conceal by a smile, the distrust which suggested the question.

'To a future inhabitant of Corbeil, mad-My name is Delannoy.'

true, in the name of Delannoy; but it was evident to her that a man who had just day. bought a house must be respectable.

Delannoy thought that he had a right to ask a question in his turn.

· Does Madame reside at Corbeil? "Yes, sir."

'I shall be happy if my property is in the the Rue de Quatorze."

· Indeed, sir! We should have been neightime the first story of the Nogenlet mansion, Nogenlet is the name of my husband's family.'

'Madame is married then?' 'I am a widow, sir.'

very pretty widow.

completed the offer.

'So much trouble about the cheese! I am ful! afraid that I seem very ridiculous to you; but I have an old auet in Paris, Rue de Varennes, whom I love like a mother, and who ly enigmatical." is very fond of these cheeses, which are made in great perfection in the neighborhood of Corbeil, I never visit her without carrying one with me, and I am naturally anxious that | before Valentine. she should receive it perfectly fresh.'

'It only justifies, madame, the opinion one would form on looking at you."

An examination of a few seconds had shown Madame Nogeulet that her compli- you pretend to know no one in a place where mentary neighbor had a pleasing face and a

*Is it as a permanent dwelling, or only as a summer residence, that monsieur has pur- stand----

sion, and that the lemanade and ice warter of depend upon the effect which a change of have a horror of scandal, I shall endeavor to awoke some suspicions in the mind of her After the explanation came reproaches,— disunion and disaster, deep and irremedial? Or, if seen abroad, she is seen to the best

Ah! monsieur is married?

The conversation became more languid .army with flags-also plenty of good close Perhaps Madame Nogenlet found some cause within twenty-four hours you will leave my train was about to start and he had no time man-even the most indulgent! to ware. To yore seks, commonly stiled the for regret in the information she had just re- house and return to your family, and you to follow her. He stepped into a car, and And then-when she had scolded him well How is that destructive party to be shorn who denied her lord at the palace of Caiphas; fare seks, we are indebted for our bornin' as erived; perhaps Delaunoy discovered that will tell me instantly the name of the scoun- in an hour was at the grocer's, in the Rue well as meny other blessins in these logrouns there was danger in becoming too intimately drel to whom this letter is addressed." of soro. Sum pore sperroted fools blames acquainted with a widow as attractive as

when the apples was plann ripe, Aslam would | The train stops. It is the station of Choa rig'd him a cider press, and like as not got isis le Roy. Madame Nogenlet utters a cry on a big bust and bin driv off any way .- of surprise. Among the persons who await ten by my hand. There is a mystery about with surprise at the person who asked this Your first mother was a lady, and all her the arrival of the train, she recognizes a boarddauters is ditto; and nobody but a loafin ing-school friend whom she has lost sight of cuss will say a word agin you. Hopin that for several years. She alights hurriedly. She first command shall be obeyed. To-morrow no wave of truble may ever ride across your can go on by the next train. A delay of an I will seek an asylum with my mother; but tell the value without weighing? peceful brests, I will conclude these remark hour and a half will not do any great harm my obedience can go no farther. Whatever

find a great many young ladies aged sixteen or seventeen years. In one family in Vermont there were twelve girls between ten and sixteen years.

That he may not, in his turn, forget the basket, Delannoy places it on his knees, and pretty, and a widow, with, no doubt, many

ege of the daughters of Eve.

The parted vine leaves allowed him to pre eive a golden surface of a very tempting character; but his attention was soon diverted from this to the corner of a sheet of paper, in which the cheese appeared to have been at first wrapped. On this corner there is a signature, and it is of Valentine, his wife.

This is a singular accident, he said to himself, and, what is more singular, is, that Valentine has never spoken to me of this Madame Nogenlet, with whom, however, she is correstude.

A simple signature cannot satisfy him. Let us see, then, in what terms my wife writes to this lady."

He half turns the cheese, and succeeds in detaching the paper. It is only a fragment, containing, on one side, two lines of the third page of the letter, preceding the signature, and on the other a portion of the address. Two lines only! Yet these two lines suffice to draw from him a cry of surprise and indig-

'I shall never forget how kind you have been to under all circumstances, My love is thine forever,

On the back is written 'To Monsieur-The rest of the address is wanting.

'No matter,' he cried, trembling with rage; that there is only the end of it.' The guilty wife must be punished first. I shall find means afterward to reach the accomplice.

The train stops at its destination. Delannoy, holding in one hand the basket of Madame Nogenlet, and pressing convulsively ame. I have recently purchased a house in the other the tell-tale paper, jumps into a there, and have just completed its furnishing. conch, and soon arrives at his dwelling, where his wife is awaiting him. He had sent on The lady inclined her head with a satisfied before Mariette, the servant, to inform her air. There was no great information, it is that the house was ready, and that he should come himself for her in the course of the

The young wife remarks, with terror, the strange expression of her husband's counte- you the grief which this secret, if divulged,

'What has happened, my love?' she ex-

'You will soon know, madame; but, in neighborhood of madame. It is situated in the first place, answer my questions. Do you know any one at Corbeil?'

The eyes of Delannoy darted such lightbors six months ago. I occupied at that ming glances, that Valentine remained a moment stupefied.

'Remember,' he resumed, 'that I must know the whole truth, and it will be useless you is assufedly worth a few scraps of paper; to attempt to deceive me. When I decided Delannoy looked more closely at Madame to remove to Corbeil, in preference to any Nogenlet; he observed that she had glossy other place, it was owing to your entreaties. black hair, expressive eyes, ruby lips, which There must have been a reason for these endisclosed two magnificent rows of pearls, a treatics, and that reason I will know. Well, small white hand; in short, that she was a madame! how long must I wait for an answer ?

"The sun is shining full upon your basket," 'If I have hesitated for a moment,' replied he remarked, after completing his observa- Valentine, with the most perfect calmness, tions; 'allow me to place it upon my seat.' it is because I was trying to understand the It would have been difficult to refuse; for reason of your questions and your evident the hand of Delannoy, more prompt than his anger. I know no one at Corbeil. I begword, had effected the change before he had ged you to remove there because many persons recommended the climate vs very health-

'You deny, then ?' . Deny what ! Your questions are perfect-

'I will enlighten you, madame. Here is piece of paper which comes from Corbeil, Delannoy unfolded the paper and placed it | ped out of the cars was Mariette.

Do you recognize this handwriting ? 'It is mine."

'Yes, your writing, madame. I did not need your confession to be sure of it. And ome one lives to whom you write- 'My love is thine forever !"

'No one, I repeat it ; and I cannot under-

'Enough, madame, I will hear no more.

'Sir,' replied Valentine, with an air of digat present to justify myself. I cannot deny How much are they worth?" it which I cannot understand, and to which unusual question. I am obliged, at present, to yield. Your right the law may give you over me, it does you be satisfied?"

Delannoy remains alone in his compartment not authorize you to require an impossibility.' Sir! of the car. While he is congratulating him- Delannov was confounded. He had not 'Hold, here are forty; if you will give them Ax Excuss Broken's Pocker Pickers or a Fonselt upon having come out with honor from supected such audacity in a woman who had all to me immediately without excepting the this perilous rescounter, his eye falls upon always hitherto appeared perfectly gentle, smallest scrap. the basket of the pretty widow. In her ca- and even timid. He shut himself up in his The best days at the grocery never brought (or \$55,000 in large notes, just as he was enterline young lady was much surprised, a lew days
ing the bank. An hour later a London detective gerness to hasten after her friend, Madaine chamber, and gave full vent to his rage.—
her in the half of this; and Delannoy soon after, at receiving a beautiful ring with blossoming who chanced to be in town, recognized one of Nogenlet has left upon the seat the precious Death!—death alone could revenge him uptops, from continued drouth, and moreover is them at the Post-office, where he was found to cheese, the object of so much solicitude. on the wretch who had ruined his happiness. sured him, were all that she possessed. He FATHER." have registered a letter to a lady in London Fol- Happily, she has given her name to Delannoy. How could be discover that name which bastened to his house, turned over carefully the letter they recovered the entire amount of aunt, for whom the cheese is destined. De- give half his fortune to know it. Should he by the dozen; not one ecapes him, and he money, and in almost as little time as it takes to lannoy can do no less than carry the cheese apply to Madame Nogenlet? Perhaps she arrives at the last, fatigued and exhausted, may it the pickpockets were transported for ten to its address. It is an imperious duty of was ignorant of the existence of the letter; but without any result. He returns to the politeness, which it would be impossible for but, then, how did it come in her possession? grocery. His excited imagination soon invented a fable Madame von have deceived me !"

eral, half mechanically, he raises the lid. Per- Lovelace-a lost letter had revealed to her -in the drawers-I defy you to find one.' haps he had a little desire to see the physiog. his infidelity—there had been a quarrel, then nomy of this precious cheese. We must not a reconciliation, on condition of the sacrifice the railroad from Corbeil to Paris-a man imagine that curiosity is the exclusive privi- of the correspondence. Other letters were, undoubtedly, in the hands of the widow.

So convinced does he at length become of the reality of his fancies, that he determines to go directly to Madame Nongeulet. The basket will furnish an excuse for a visit. He already knows the street of her residence.

His determination is immediately carried into effect. After a few inquiries the house is found, and he is soon ushered into a drawing-room where Madame Nogenlet receives him with the warmest expressions of grati-

'How very kind of you, sir, to take so much trouble to repair the effects of my inexcusable carelessness! My poor aunt will be delighted. You cannot imagine the pleasare which the return of this basket gives

'I am very happy if this is so, as I trust it will lend you to some indulgence in my favor." He then related simply that he had not been able to resist the temptation of a peep at the cheese, and the discovery had been the piece of paper, on which were written the lines-"I shall never forcet," etc. etc.

'Indeed!" said Madame Nogenlet, laughing; was this on the cuvelope of my cheese ! A love-letter! It is charming! What a pity

'The condemument cannot be far off.' 'Do you think so !'

'Madame, the imprudent person who wrote these lines-who never should have written them-belongs to a respectable family with whose friendship I am honored. You will easily understand that the entire letter must be of a still more compromising character, especially if the writer-is a married woman.

'I can imagine that such a passage would not sound pleasantly in the ears of a husband." · How the letters came into your handswith others, perhaps-I have certainly no right to ask; but permit me to represent to would excite in a respectable family. Let me supplicate you, malame, to make the enerous sacrifice of this letter-or rather of those letters -it is to be presumed that there

Madame Nogenlet looked at him with some

'It would give me the greatest pleasure,' she said, 'to oblige you, if it were in my power; the kindness I have received from me is the only one that has been in my possession; and that was without my knowledge."

'Then I was mistaken in my conjectures,' ried Delannoy in a tone of vexation,

'And does this trouble you much?' 'Assuredly, What can I do, now? to whom can I apply ?"

'To the grocer who sold me the cheese, at 'orbeil, Rue St. Spire.' True. I did not think of that. I will go

there immediately. A thousand pardons, madame, for having troubled you." The impatience of Delannov had vet to suffer one trial. When he arrived at the railroad station, the train for Corbeil had just

left, and he was obliged to wait two hours. While he was waiting, a train arrived from Corbeil, and one of the first persons who step-

'Where have you been?' he asked.

"To Corbeil."

'Who sent you?'

'Madame.'

'What for ?" on there which she wanted.'

The answer was so simple and probable that Delaunoy did not inquire further 'You can go,' he said.

'I do not know as yet, madame. It will There is no possibility of justification. As I the haste which she showed in departing, rest.' control my indignation. I wish no violent master, who remembered now, or fancied, Valentine, ill-used in the morning, had so It is simply because the false assumption advantage when on errands of love, and wearscenes or disgraceful lawsuits. I will show that she looked embarrassed, and that her good a chance to revenge herself in the eve- of Abolitionists that negro slavery is wicked ang her robe of mercy. great indulgence, but it is on two conditions; face finshed when she saw him. But the ning! and vengeance is so sweet to a wom- and unjust, has been permitted to pass unre-St. Spire.

'Madame,' he said to the woman who stood yore seks for the difficulty in the garden; Madame Nogenlet. But these details are for- nity, 'you are not in a condition to listen to behind the counter, 'you have a stock of old me, and I confess, besides, that I am not able papers in which you wrap up your goods. - week, had her likeness taken by a photograph-

m" signature, and these lines also were writ- The woman looked across her spectacles fers it to the original.

'You don't understand me?'

' Perfectly, sir; but it would be difficult to 'If I should offer you twenty francs would

'You have other papers besides these.'

while thinking of matters and things in gon- admirers her choice had fallen on some Look for yourself, sir under the counter ing tranquility.

'It is strange that among all the papers you have given to me, there is not one of those which I wish to find.'

'Perhaps the person took them, that was here before you.

· What person? paid me to look over them, and take what

This revelation struck Delannoy with sur-

'Can you tell me who this person was?

'The sevant of a family who have recently ome to Corbeil.'

" Mariette P

'I believe that was her name."

Mariette have anticipated him in his search, when he had not uttered a word which could reveal his intention? 'I will interrogate her,' he exclaimed. 'This mystery must be clear-

Having passed over, for the third time, the road between Corbeil and Paris, he arrives at

his house. Mariette opens the door. to get some papers. Do not attempt to deny it-von see I know all.'

'Did madame order you to do this?' Mariette looks down-twists her apron in

her fingers-and utters some unjutelligible words. Delannoy has hitherto restrained himself; but the increasing embarrassment of Mariette caraged him beyond all bounds. 'Will you speak?' he shouted, in a voice

ouse. Mariette sobs. *Oh! sir-pardon-pardon-do not think ne dishonest-do not turn me away-1 thought it was my perquisites-I did not

know it was wrong. Delannoy strides across the room with his ists elenehed.

'The girl has lost her wits,' he mutters,-

can get nothing out of her.' A door opens. Madame Delannoy appears. 'No, sir. Mariette has not lost her wits .he is right in blaming nerself for a fault which might have had very serious conse-

Delannoy felt the blood boil in his veins. Pardon her! and at the request of a wife the had so much need of pardon herself!

'Go!' said Valentine to Mariette. Before leaving she wished to make one

tience, that made poor Mariette take flight in- a national suicide."

comedy." 'Here it is, sir.'

her husband. This paper is a fragment of a stitution by infidels, and a quasi religious It was a woman that put Sisera to flight, and letter, and fits with the most perfect exact- crasade has been preached against it by an- composed the song of Deborah and Barak joy, and falls on his knees before his wife .- against it by default, and the idea that it con- and saved a whole people from their utter The whole address was this :- To Monsieur fliets with natural justice and divine law has desolation.

Delannov, poste restante, Toulouse.'

of France some years before,

but I do not yet understand." in arranging the furniture of the house at Cor- nature both on our side, and against our an- throne of the sea-girt isle-not to speak of beil, found a package of old papers, which tagonist-surely we must win." According these, there are others of more sacred char-'To get some articles which had been sent she thought she might sell for her own bene- by this bright idea has been industriously acter, of whom it were admissible even now fit Among them were the letters which I worked into a political organization, and here to speak. ing by the seene this morning what trouble publican, almost, if not absolutely, invincible. that best befits the hand of woman, nor is the she had caused, came in tears to confess her Why has that party any strength! Why field of carnage her field of glory. Home, Mariette did not wait to be told twice, and fault. I sent her to Corbeil. You know the does it now threaten to destroy the harmony sweet home, is her theatre of action, her pedes-

she pardoned.

Tun following is an alarming evidence of the progress of the photographic art: A lady, last | ing the false position on which it is founded. | procured spices for embalming it, and that ist; and her husband likes it so well that he pre- that in the institution of negro slavery there ing at his sepulchre. Time has neither im-

can never be hard up for a dinner, as they always have a stake,

what to have engraved on it, called upon his fallacy. father for advice. "Well," said the old man, "put on, 'When this you see, remember MR!" "

lowing the man they arrested both; following She has even indicated the dwelling of her Valentino refused to disclose! He would bills, college themes, business letters, etc., est harm, when the most scientific physician may be unable to do us the slightest good.

Ir you turn away from worthy men because cut their coat and pantaloons. Repicture has shafts, and impertinence arrows,

which, though against innocence they may be levelled in vain, have always the power of wound-

thern Supporters of Breckinridge and Lane.

THE following letter from Charles O'Conner, Esq., was read at the great Breckinridge and Lane ratification meeting held in New York on Wednesday night last:

New York, July 17, 1860. Gentlemen:—Cordially approving the nomnation of J. C. Breckinridge for President and Joseph Lane for Vice President of the United States, I regret that it will not be in my power to address the ratification meeting ppointed to be held to-morrow at the Coop-

er Institute. However deeply it is to be deplored that rival platforms and rival candidates are presented to the Democratic party, threatening Mariette! It is very strange. How could to divide its strength and deliver it over as the staple of his whole argument. The an easy prey into the hands of its opponents; vet, such being unhappily the fact, the duty of making a choice cannot be avoided.

The difference between these platforms, like every political question of the times, derives all its significance from the subject of negro slavery. Its relation to the Territo- His platform tends to keep abolitionism alive, ries and to the mode of governing them is 'You have been to the grocer's in Corbeil merely the form in which this perpetually recurring subject is here developed as an element of strife. The controversy, in all its outright. practical bearings, is merely this: How is negro slavery to be dealt with?

In its moral, political, legal and economi cal aspects, my views on that general subject have been so distinctly and so often expressed, that my position in reference to the rival platforms now before us could not be doubt-

The most fertile regions of the globe canoud enough to shake every window in the not be so cultivated as fully to develop their natural resources for the benefit of mankind except by negro labor; negro labor cannot ports." be there employed except through the judicious compulsion of a superior race; and in no way can so great a measure of physical enjoyment and moral improvement be imparted to the negro as by his compulsory servitude in these very regions.

From these undeniable facts, written in the great book of nature, proven by experience, and not without sanction from revelation, my reason draws the inference that negro slavery quences; but you will pardon her, I hope, at is not repugnant to justice—is not unprofitable to the white man-is not oppression to the negro, and is not inexpedient as a matter

Let us apply these views to our own counlie, negro slavery has ever been a main pillar one more fully realizes how decisively it bears of our strength, an indispensable element of upon the destinies of others. 'I assure you, sir, that I never did such a our growth and prosperity. It is now an integal part of our being as a nation; to expel it

of American citizens," taken possession of the Northern mind.

PERSONS who sport money upon races are like. able action by Government; that the right nor changed her character. ly to come into connection with good company, of the white master, to the services of his Now, as formerly, she is most ready to enor, at all events, they are continually in with negro slave, is, in every moral sense, precise- ter and most reluctant to leave the abode of their betters. Another advantage is, that they by the same as his right to any other proper misery. Now, as formerly, it is her office, and

If this principle be not true, no honest head, wipe from the dim eye the tear of an-A young man, becoming engaged recently, was man ought to desire the permanency of our guish, and from the cold forehead the dew of desirous of presenting his intended with a ring Republic; if it be true, the Black Republi- death. appropriately inscribed; but, being at a loss can doctrine is a trasonable and destructive

I am in favor of the principle enunciated ton crop will run short, greatly short of the esti-The young lady was much surprised, a few days in the Senate resolutions of 1860, and in the ton, because they come up to this point .- suffering from the boil-worm. The Concordia The most ignorant empiric can do us the great. They meet the exigency before us; they Intelligencer, well posted in these matters, gives derstood by all honest and sensible men on an early rise in prices and considerable activity

> I am in favor of Breekinridge and Lane, because they stand upon a platform distinctly expressing these principles.

Mr. Douglas declines practically to stand | Somew comes soon enough without desponseeks to ride into power upon a dogma which ning red to attract trouble.

Sound Democratic Sentiment of Nor- impliedly concedes to Abolitionism the vital element of its political power, to wit: that negro slavery is unjust, or at least has in it some clements which, on moral grounds, jus-

tifies hostility. His friends may deny this construction; but to my mind it is manifestly just. The whole practical importance of his Popular Sovereignty doctrine is in its bearing on the slave question. No one cares a fig about it, except in this single connection; in all its other bearings it is an admitted abstraction, unworthy of a moment's attention, and inca-

pable of attracting it. Let any man who doubts this read Mr. Douglas' argument as published in Harper's Magazine, and his subsequent reply to Judge Black in defence of that article. Slavery is phrases and postulates of the anti-slavery agitators are invoked by him at every point in the discussion, and most liberally used to

sustain his views. Thus, to all practical purposes, Mr. Donglas presents himself as a semi-Abolitionist. as a power in the State, for future mischief. The platform of Breekinridge and Lane assails the Hydra in front, and aims to slay it

Whilst I am thus with you in sentiment, and to the extent of my humble powers am ready to aid in your object, I cannot lose sight of the policy which requires a thorough union of all New Yorkers who are opposed to the election of Lincoln. Concurring with that eminent and patriotic citizen of Pennsylvania, William B. Reed, "I believe that there are three candidates for the Presidency preferable to the one whom every Abolitionist or anti-slavery agitator in the land sup-

To Messrs. Tucker, Henry, and others,

With great respect, I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant, CHARLES O'CONNER.

The Power of Woman. UNDER God, (says the Rev. Dr. Nott,) I owe my education-nay, all that I have been or am, to the tutorage of a pious mother .-It was-peace to her sainted soul-it was her monitory voice that first taught my young heart to feel that there was danger in the intoxicating cup, and that safety lay in

abstinence. And as no one is more indebted than mytry. "Since the foundation of this Repub- self to the kind influence in question, so no

Full well I know, that by woman came the apostacy of Adam, and by woman the recov-Delannoy uttered an exclamation of impa- by fraud or tear it out by violence, would be ery through Jesus. It was woman that imbued the mind and formed the character of It follows that "to vindicate its essential Moses, Israel's deliverer. It was woman 'I await, Madame, the temination of this justice and morality, in all Courts and that led the choir, and gave back the response places, before men and nations, is the duty of that triumphal procession which went forth to celebrate with timbrels, on the banks Valentine presented a piece of paper to A moral war has been made upon this in- of the Red Sea, the overthrow of Pharaoh. ness, the fragment which Delannoy has in his other class. Hitherto, at least in the North, the son of Abinoam, and judged in rightpossession. On the last was, we have said, no one has defended it, and its Southern ad- coursess for years the tribes of Israel. It the commencement of an address; the end vocates have not been heard. The natural was woman that defeated the wicked counwas on the other. Delannoy utters a cry of results have ensued; indement has passed sels of Haman, delivered righteous Mordecai,

And now to speak of Semiramis of Baby-Delannoy had taken a journey to the South | This state of things afforded a most prom- lon, of Catherine of Russia, or of those ising quarry for the industry of political par- Queens of England whose joyous reigns con-'I am happy—a thousand times happy !- ty makers, and they have availed themselves stitute the brightest periods of British histoof it. They thus argued: "With the na- ry, or her, the young and lovely, the patron 'The explanation is very simple. Mariette, tional conscience on our side-with God and of learning and morals, who now adorns the

wrote you at Toulouse. The poor girl find- stands before us at the North the Black Re- The sceptre of empire is not the sceptre between the North and the South, leading to tal of beauty, and the throne of her power.

agonies of Gethsemane; it was not woman -she did, what the most severe will do- of its pernicious strength? There is but it was not woman who deserted his cross on one method by which this object can be ef- the hill of Calvary. But it was woman that fected: and that is by denying and disprov- dared to testify her respect for his corpse, that We must, as a party, insist unqualifiedly was found last at night and first in the mornis nothing whatever which calls for unfavor- paired her kindness, shaken her constancy,

well it has been sustained, to stay the fainting

THE CROPS.-Planters inform us that the cotmation at the beginning of the season. The corn crops will also be nearly a failure. Cotton in the cotton market in Europe, as there will be short crops in estimated quantity; Speculators have counted without their host. - Natches Free

up to them. He blinks the main issue, and dency; it does a man no good to carry a light.